Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, *Pompey* prooues the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the World I liud, I was the Worldes commander:
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:
My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alisander. (right.

Boyet. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too

Be. Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.

Qu. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed good *Alexander.*

Cura. When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes commander.

Boy. Most true, tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

Bero. Pompey the great.

Clow. Your seruant and *Costard.*

Bero. Take away the Conqueronr, take away *Alisander.*

Clow. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the Conquerour: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this. Your Lion that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Aiax.* He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame *Alisander.* There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man; looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisander,* alas you see how tis a little oreparted, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Curat.*

Quee. Stand aside good *Pompey.*

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Peda. Great Hercules *is presented by this Impe,*
Whose Clubb kilde Cerberus *that three headed* Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus,
Quoniam, *he seemeth in minoritie,*
Ergo, *I come with this Appologie.*
Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit* Boy.
Peda. Iudas *I am.*

Dum.